

Children's Newspaper

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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THE SEA GIVES UP A LOST TREASURE

STREET IN A BURIED CITY

NEW ROAD OF THRILLING WONDER

Opened for the First Time Since Jerusalem was Destroyed
COLOSSAL DISASTER THAT CAME IN A NIGHT

We are all deeply concerned over the building of new houses and the opening of new thoroughfares, but it is safe to say that, though we hear too little about it, the most fascinatingly interesting thoroughfare that will be opened in the whole world this year is one to which the public is now to be admitted for the first time since Jerusalem was destroyed, stone for stone, by Titus.

The thoroughfare now on the point of opening is not really new, but it has been closed for 1841 years. It is a road in buried Pompeii, that city which was blotted out of existence in one night of the year A.D. 79 by an appalling eruption of Vesuvius.

City Reveals Its Secrets

For over 1500 years the city was as completely lost as Nineveh and Babylon. The city and its dead were buried and embalmed, forgotten till an attempt to cut an aqueduct in the year Shakespeare was writing *Romeo and Juliet* revealed the fact that certain lava-encrusted projections were the peaks of walls of an amphitheatre which had towered over a once populous town.

Another 200 years passed before any excavation was undertaken, and then we read of the cutting down through 40 to 50 feet of lava to reach the roofs of Herculaneum, and of scenes of amazing devastation in a garden world where corn was growing in vineyards and fig-trees supported teeming grape vines.

Well, the work has gone slowly on, and Pompeii continues to reveal more and more of its secrets. It is its own witness. Alone in all the world it shows us exactly what the life of antiquity was.

Other cities were dismantled by war, or were pillaged and destroyed. Pompeii was cut down and wrapped in a winding sheet which conserved as well as killed.

Famous Scholar's Escape

The coppers of the laundries, the flagons of the wine-sellers, the stoves of the confectioners, the lamps that blazed that fatal night, the election writings on the walls, saying "Vote for so and so," the garden with its fish-pond, the slave with his bronze badge of servitude still upon his embalmed remains, these and a thousand other wonders are now redeemed from the tomb by pick and shovel.

Pompeii is unique as a revelation of a past life which ended in an instant.

A silent witness, it tells us what all else fails to tell, though two of the greatest men of the age were in the catastrophe, Pliny, the elder, states-

The Greek Shepherd Guards His Flock



A typical shepherd boy of the Greek highlands, with the sheep he has led out to their morning pasture. See page four

man, soldier, scholar, author of a veritable library of books, perished in the fumes which he left his home to investigate and describe. Pliny, the younger, his nephew, was there with his mother, and observed part of the scene, telling us how so intense was the blackness during the day that he and his mother, being wearied and faint, withdrew from the road to rest.

Their darkness was sometimes lightened, but only by fire! And the ashes from Vesuvius were so thick, he tells us, that "again and again we stood up and shook them off, otherwise we should have been buried by their weight." Tacitus, the great historian, asked Pliny for a description of the catastrophe for his *History*. Pliny was so impressed by his own experiences that he described these alone, and forgot to mention that

Pompeii and Herculaneum perished. Tacitus obtained his information from another source, but the book is lost, and we have no account written at the time of the destruction of the cities; the first—and that an unreliable one—dates from the third century.

The event was the wonder and terror of the world, the more so because Vesuvius was not known to be a volcano. Everybody thought the eruption was the end of the world. Even Pliny adds: "I was convinced that I was perishing in company with the universe, and the universe with me; a miserable and yet a mighty solace in death."

So he wrote of himself and his mother and his uncle, and Pompeii has to tell its own enthralling story of tragedy. That is why the opening of the new old thoroughfare is of such interest.

MARVELLOUS STORY OF A BIBLE

UP FROM THE OCEAN BED

A Good Man's Work that Will Not Perish

STIRRING NEW TALE OF THE WAR

Romance or reality—which is more incredible? A packet of manuscript, which went down during the war in a ship torpedoed on her way home from South Africa to England, has ridden to port and found anchorage in a crevice in the rocks of Wales.

We accept the story almost without comment in these days of wonders.

But when Victor Hugo imagined such a thing, he was denounced for bad art. The story of a crime and a disinheriting is in the custody of a man upon a ship. The ship is storm-battered and slowly sinking. When the tempest has reduced the passengers to three, and the ship to a sinking hulk, the parchment containing the story is enclosed in a sealed flask, and the man who knows the secret, standing highest upon the sinking ship, commits his charge to the waves at the moment the vessel founders with him and all.

Victor Hugo's Strange Story

Years pass, and the flagon rides the seas and at last comes to land, to be opened and to prove that a wandering mountebank is a peer of the realm and to set him in his place in Parliament and in possession of his estates. Bad art, say the critics of Victor Hugo's "Laughing Man."

Well, is the fact of this manuscript, now discovered, less improbable? We had a missionary in Southern Nigeria, Archdeacon Dennis, who needed a Bible for his native flock. There was none in existence, so he devoted years of his life to learning the language, composing a dictionary, and writing the whole Bible in the language he had learned. He finished the work in Africa, and then set sail in order to have it printed in England.

Truth Greater than Fiction

But the blind, pitiless fury of a German submarine commander sent his ship to the bottom of the sea, and the patient scholar-missionary perished in the wreck. Not so his work, however. The precious packet of manuscript floated free of the wreck, and at last came floating home.

The floating title deeds in this flagon made the Laughing Man a marquis; the floating manuscript from the hands of this murdered missionary will do something greater. They will become a Bible to carry light and love and learning to a people in the Dark Continent, who know nothing about steamships or torpedoes, and will never understand by what sinister necromancy the noble man perished who laid down his life in the attempt to help them.

As soon as all tests are completed this wireless station will be handed over by America to the French Government.

WATCHING A CUCKOO

Rare Story of Its Egg
THE LITTLE INVADER THAT
FILLED THE NEST

Miss Hilda Terras had only an inexpensive little Kodak, and the weather conditions were none too good; but she has given us a score of delightful pictures of what happened to a cuckoo's egg in a hedge-sparrows' nest, and one of the most charming bird stories we ever read.

The hedge-sparrows had built their nest close to the house, and when the mother cuckoo flew about in an interested way they strongly resented her approach, attacking her furiously and sometimes enlisting the help of other birds. Soon afterwards, however, the mother cuckoo took advantage of their absence, slipped into the hedge, stayed a minute or so, and was gone.

There was now a cuckoo's egg in the nest! If the mother cuckoo followed her usual method, laying her egg on the ground, taking it in her mouth, and placing it in the nest, it must have been quite inside her mouth; for Miss Terras saw her fly in with nothing visible in her bill. It is possible, however, that the mother cuckoo laid her egg in the hedge-sparrows' nest.

The Usual Tragedy

The mother hedge-sparrow laid four eggs, two of which hatched out. But when the young cuckoo was hatched it heaved the two nestling hedge-sparrows out, and the eggs likewise.

Nevertheless, the foster parents seemed very proud of their dog-in-the-manger adopted child, and they fed it with tireless care. What a bill-of-fare it had—butterflies and caterpillars, daddy-long-legs and grubs, and small insects galore!

The young cuckoo grew apace and soon more than filled the nest. Once Miss Terras saw the mother hedge-sparrow brooding on the young cuckoo, crouching uncomfortably on its back, like a pigeon trying to brood on a hen.

It is interesting to know from this careful observer that the young cuckoo was not only very combative, violently resenting the approach of a hand, even when bearing a caterpillar held on the tip of a twig, but that it showed itself very intelligent, taking alert notice of what went on round about.

The Tinkling Bell

The young cuckoo seemed to have a great hold on the hedge-sparrows, compelling them to work very hard. It grew so big that when it opened its great gape to receive a caterpillar from the foster-mother the position was ludicrous.

"Many a time," Miss Terras tells us, "I laughed aloud when she bent and popped the food down his enormous throat. It really looked to me as though she might get swallowed, too. It struck me many times that he was nothing but a great big bully, and yet when he left the nest I missed him most surprisingly."

For more than a week after the young cuckoo left the nest, lingering in the garden, the foster parents continued to bring it food. Even when she was not watching him Miss Terras always knew when his foster parents were attending to his wants, because of the strange little tinkling noise he made when either of them approached, "like a tiny, tinkling, silver bell." Whoever enjoys a bird story told imitatively well should get Miss Hilda Terras's "Story of a Cuckoo's Egg."

NEW WAY OF KILLING PAIN

Doing away with pain while the patient is still conscious is the wonderful feature of a new anaesthetic which has lately been discovered. Complete insensibility to pain is produced while the patient is fully "awake," and very little of the after-effects resulting from chloroform or ether is felt.

CALCULATING IN A DREAM

Can the Brain Jump to
Conclusions?

ODD THING THAT REALLY HAPPENED

By a Dozing Correspondent

The other night I dreamed that I was at a party. While I was enjoying the conversation of a very learned man a letter was brought to me. I opened it and read it. This letter demanded instant payment from me for the cost of my entertainment at the party. The sum due was embossed on the letter.

Those figures terrified me. They looked like £667. I thought of the ruin that must follow for my family.

I turned to the learned man and asked him to read the letter. He did so, and expressed sympathy with me. I pointed to the embossed figures, which were very difficult to decipher, and asked him what he made the sum to be.

As he was trying to read the embossed hieroglyphics I saw of a sudden that they were not figures at all, but letters. The sum was stamped on the paper in huge curly capitals as follows: £A A J.

I pointed this out, and asked what they could mean. The learned man was unable to help me.

Suddenly I saw it. "Oh, don't you understand?" I exclaimed. "It's only a guinea! A is for one, being the first letter in the alphabet, and J is 0, being the tenth letter in the alphabet." And I started counting on my fingers, A B C, till I came to I for 9 and J for 0.

Then I woke up in an agony, still counting on my fingers to see if J were really the tenth letter of the alphabet.

The curious thing about this dream lies in the fact that I had never realised before the number of J in the alphabet or ever before had occasion to use letters in the place of figures. How did I know, then, that J was the tenth letter? How did I jump to the conclusion that £A A J could possibly be £1 1s. od.?

THE GREAT OIL SHIPS

Faster and Healthier

Travel is quickening up again, and its rapid recovery is due in no small measure to the use of oil-fuel instead of coal.

The largest Atlantic liners now burn oil, and many others are being fitted to take this fuel. Recently the Aquitania made her fastest trip across the Atlantic since before the war, her average speed for the run being just over 23 knots. It was her first trip as an oil-burner.

Little time and labour are wasted at ports of call, for the Aquitania can take in 7000 tons of oil in twenty hours with the help of six men, as against five days' work for a small army when coaling.

Ships driven by oil are also much healthier than ships driven by coal. When the Olympic was a coal-burning vessel the average daily number of cases of heat apoplexy among the firemen was fifteen, but after her first two voyages on oil the ship's doctor had no cases at all to report.

NEW BED OF IRON

Northamptonshire's Natural Wealth

The two minerals indispensable to Great Britain are coal and iron, and the means for increasing the output and lessening the reserve of both are being developed apace.

Coal mines are being sunk wherever there are extensive beds, and the mining of British iron ore is increasing everywhere.

The latest iron-getting enterprise has been established at Irthlingborough, in Northamptonshire, where there is said to be a bed of iron ore five yards thick, containing 45,000,000 tons. This is expected to last a century and a half.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



A passenger air service is now flying regularly between Copenhagen and Berlin.

Nelson's old flagship, the Victory, at Portsmouth, is being fitted with new masts.

The total number of National War Savings Certificates sold is now 420,604,077.

A man who was lost near Woking was found after having lived 19 days on berries and water.

The Growing Tramways

There are now 2728 miles of tramway routes in the United Kingdom. In 1878 the total was 269 miles.

Friends of the Cats

Sixteen thousand cats were saved from starvation in the streets by Our Dumb Friends League last year.

The Ring that was Lost and Found

While digging potatoes in his garden a Kingston man found a gold ring that he had lost while gardening four years ago.

Stamps for Coins

Copper coins are so scarce in Rome that stamps are coming into general use as money in the shops and tramway-cars of the city.

Dinner-Time

A friend of ours has two hens and a cock. Every day, exactly at ten minutes to two, they jump on to the window-sill for their dinner.

Rather Late

A lady of ninety in the village of Feltwell, on the borders of Norfolk and Suffolk, has just been for her first railway ride.

Animal Losses in the War

During the war 484,143 animals, including 22,812 camels, were killed, or less than 15 per cent. of the total, the lowest percentage on record in any campaign.

Beginning Young

A woman, when asked by a London magistrate the age of a neighbour's son against whom she had applied for a summons for defamation of character, answered "Seven"!

Joy Stick Award

M. Pelteric, the inventor of the joy stick for controlling aeroplanes, claimed eight million francs from French firms, and was awarded 5,685,000, equal to about £110,000 of our money.

International Coal Office

It is hoped that it may be possible to establish an International Coal Office for insuring the distribution of coal throughout the world. The League of Nations is to be asked to do it.

Seeing the Sea-Bottom

At the Natural History Museum in New York the latest exhibit is a reproduction in glass and wax of a two-inch section of the sea-bottom, with its plant and animal life magnified 15,000 times.

From the Ocean Bed

A Scarborough fishing boat has just brought up some mail bags, evidently from a torpedoed ship. One of the letters was written from Jerusalem to a Scarborough man, and has now been delivered.

Thanks to the Animals

A burglar at Dundee was detected the other day through the intelligence of a cat, and at Ilford a burglar was held up by a dog in a desperate struggle during the absence of the occupants of the house.

Fewer Animals in England

The number of cattle in England and Wales at the present time is 5,547,000, and of sheep 11,630,000, a decrease of 647,000 cattle and 1,750,000 sheep on the figures for 1919. The number of cattle is the smallest for 17 years.

Chasing a Train on a Bicycle

Nineteen goods wagons broke loose while being shunted at Troyes, France, and rushed downhill towards a station. A shunter jumped on a bicycle and raced along the track parallel with the train, and then, jumping on one of the fast-moving wagons, applied the brakes and prevented a serious collision.

THREE ENEMIES OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

WILD LIFE DESTROYERS

The Sadness of a Collection of Butterflies

WHAT WE LOSE BY IGNORANCE AND ENTHUSIASM

By Our Country Correspondent

Within the last day or two the grown-up papers have recorded two items of news that must make nature-lovers sad.

One of these mentioned that it took three men to kill a snake measuring three and a half feet in length which made its appearance at a Buckinghamshire railway station that shall be nameless; and the other recorded that 737 butterflies were pinned to the card of a boy who won the butterfly prize at a Surrey flower show.

Not long before it was stated in the papers that a fine golden eagle had been shot in Scotland, where it is becoming increasingly rare; and also that a raven had been shot in Wales, one of the few places in Britain where it is still known.

Harmless and Harmful Snakes

News of this kind makes the nature-lover almost despair, for if every boy who wants to win a prize collects 700 butterflies, and every person who sees a snake kills it, with or without help, and every man with a gun shoots any eagle or raven that flies over his head, it will not be long before these creatures become as extinct as the dodo.

These items of news are worth considering, for they describe the work of three distinct classes of people who are doing so much to destroy the wild life of the British countryside—the ignorant, the enthusiast, and the wanton.

First, there is the case of the men who killed what was, no doubt, a particularly fine specimen of the harmless and useful grass snake. They were simply ignorant.

Seeing a snake, they thought it must be venomous, and attacked it with all the courage of the big game hunter in the jungle. This fine British reptile is getting scarcer and scarcer, and unless the rising generation learns that the greenish-brown snake, with the yellow behind the head and no dark zig-zag line down the back, is harmless, it will disappear.

Depriving Others of Pleasure

Then there is the boy who collected 737 butterflies. He is, no doubt, an enthusiastic naturalist. Now, there are fewer than 70 species of British butterflies, some of them already practically extinct, so that if this enthusiastic boy collected two male and two female specimens of each species, so as to show the upper and under-sides of each when pinned down, he would have collected only about 250. But he actually had over 700 specimens, so that he must have caught and killed many of each species.

By doing so he made these beautiful creatures rarer in his district, and deprived many true nature-lovers of the pleasure of seeing them on the wing.

The Better Way

A better way of treating wild life was that at Waltham Cross, where a bat which flew into a room at a club was exhibited at a small charge in aid of St. Dunstan's, and was afterwards released in the open air.

Finally, there are the wanton people who, having a gun in their hands and seeing something move, must shoot it for the sake of shooting. Eagles, ravens, owls, herons, all fall to their prowess, and if we had birds of paradise and humming birds they would be shot with equal zest and relish. These people must be made ashamed of themselves, and that can only be done if it is clearly understood that all who wantonly destroy the useful and harmless wild life of the countryside are spoiling the innocent pleasure of thousands who love nature for its own sake.

WORLD DANGER OF LOAFING THE GROWING DISLIKE OF WORK

What Happened in the Days of
Long Ago

THE ONLY WAY TO SALVATION

By a Digger into Old Records

With the extraordinary increase in wages there is spreading a growing dislike of work. General Booth, back from a great tour, says he finds this antipathy to work emerging from every country in the world.

It is a very serious danger, he declares, and a frightful thing that a man should have a constitutional objection to labour.

Once before in history an almost identical condition of things existed. A great catastrophe overtook the world, leading to enormous increases in wages, growing independence of the worker, and widespread disinclination to work.

It was in the 14th century, when a plague swept across Europe, and, having reached England, carried off a third—and possibly a half—of the inhabitants. The effect of the Black Death of 1349 on the social life of the country was, perhaps, the nearest parallel in history to the results of the Great War.

All-Round Rise in Wages

As in the 20th century, so in the 14th many of the best workers were lost, and the consequent scarcity of labour meant that the workers who were left were in great demand, and could obtain vastly increased wages.

The social results then, as now, were even more striking in the country than in the town. Reapers, who had formerly received fivepence an acre, now claimed and obtained from sevenpence to tenpence; thatchers rose from a penny a day to twopence-halfpenny; carpenters, masons, and other skilled artisans improved their positions; and the women benefited even more than the men, their penny-a-day wages rising to twopence or threepence.

History Repeats Itself

Before the Black Death the workers had been gradually improving their position, but when the national catastrophe came it led to revolutionary changes, enabling them to demand both improved conditions and greater remuneration. The government tried to stem the tide by fixing wages, and by regulating prices so as to keep down the cost of living, but failed.

The 20th century has shown a remarkable repetition of the 14th. Before the war the worker was gradually improving his position, but the great disaster brought revolutionary changes. The shortage of labour, owing to the needs of the Army, led to rapid increases in wages such as had never been seen before since the 14th century.

New Spirit Wanted

After the Black Death, as today, the rise in wages was not merely proportionate to the rise in prices; it went farther, and the workers lived better than ever before. They ate butcher's meat and fish where previously they had had to be content with bacon, and their whole standard of life was raised enormously, as it has been in the last few years.

Then, as now, rising wages brought a spirit of restlessness, and men neglected their work, wandering about in the effort to get still more money, until they lost the habit of industry. Profiteers flourished despite the food orders, and taxation became heavier and heavier. Employers denounced the workers, and the workers hurled insults at the employers.

Salvation eventually came, as it must come today, by the adoption of improved methods of industry and the growth of a spirit of cooperation, a love of work, and a pride in labour for its own sake. Let us hope that in this respect history will soon repeat itself.

The Awakening of Greece

LIFE TODAY IN THE HOME OF SOCRATES

Descendants of a Mighty Race and Their Place in the World

GREAT WORK OF A WISE STATESMAN

BY OUR INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENT

Greece has rendered a great service to the world by putting down the Turkish rebellion. This little ancient land is greater now in area and population than in the golden days of Athens. She has as her Prime Minister one of the greatest statesmen in all Europe, Venizelos, whom all the world congratulates on his escape from the attack of an assassin in Paris.

Ancient Greece was called Hellas, and the Greeks of today still call themselves Hellenes. They are very proud of their descent from the race which endowed mankind with the noblest fruits of civilisation that have yet been gathered—literature, architecture, and sculpture that are still admitted to be unsurpassed.

Some have doubted whether the Greek of today really has any claim to this glorious ancestry. In 2300 years so many waves of invasion have passed over the country that it would be hard to find many families of direct descent. But sufficient evidence exists of the carrying on of the national character from the ancient to the modern Greeks to make it certain that the race has not been entirely changed.

For example, Paul spoke of the Greeks of his day, who must surely have been much the same people as those who made Greece famous for all time, as "always seeking some new thing." Curiosity is not less strong in the Greeks of today. They ask travellers in their land all manner of questions. Where do they come from? What other lands have they seen? What is their business?

Land of Dreamers

Another point of likeness between them and the Hellenes of old is their absorption in politics. They are ready of speech, and they love to air their opinions about public affairs. They follow the moves of parties in the game as closely as people in England follow football matches; but, unfortunately, their interest is not so much in getting the country well governed as in turning one lot of politicians out and putting another lot in.

The country is, therefore, not well governed. It might be prosperous and contented. It has in many parts fertile soil; it has a magnificent climate. Natural beauty and historic associations make it a land that might attract great numbers of visitors. The people, however, are not bent upon making the most of what they have. They are dreamers, not practical reformers. So little have they done to improve the condition of the peasants that large numbers have emigrated.

Where Real Worth Counts

Yet, again, the modern Greeks are like the ancient in their refusal to admit differences of social position, based on birth or riches. If a railway porter who carries your bag takes a fancy to you, and if you have satisfied his curiosity about your journey and its object, he will hold out his hand when he takes leave; and if you should decline to shake it, he would be both hurt and angry.

The advantages of this absence of class distinctions are many, the disadvantages few. Self-respect is a common possession. Snobbery is scarcely known, except in the capital among certain officials and the newly rich. It frequently happens that one brother in a family takes a good position as a lawyer or a merchant, while other brothers remain peasants, tilling the soil or minding sheep. And those who have taken these good positions do not try to conceal their family connections.

The finest Greeks, indeed, are to be found among the peasants and small farmers. They are a kindly, hospitable folk, ready to go out of their way to do a stranger service, and unwilling very often to accept any reward. They work hard and produce very fair crops. Currants are the chief product of Greece for the world's markets. These are dried and sent away far and wide to sweeten cakes and puddings and buns everywhere.

The country people seldom eat meat; they live mainly on vegetables, eggs, fish, cheese, fruit, and olives. From olives oil is made, which they use a great deal in cooking. In Lent, and during three other long fasts which their Church orders them to observe, fish, eggs, cheese, butter, and oil are forbidden them, as well as meat. They are practised, therefore, in abstinence, and are small eaters.

Street of the Smiths

The Greek Church is a branch of Eastern Christianity, akin to the Russian and the Bulgarian. Its priests are poor and of peasant origin.

In some parts of Athens, the capital of Greece, you might suppose you were in France or Italy; but these are only the more fashionable parts. In the working quarters you are reminded that you have travelled much farther east. The different trades occupy different streets. There is a Street of the Smiths, for instance, where forges are being blown up and hammers are ringing on anvils all day long. Then there is a Street of Leather Workers, where salesmen entreat you to buy at prices far above the real worth of the goods.

Picturesque Dress Dying Out

That is not an attempt to defraud; it is the custom. All purchases are made by bargaining, as in Turkey and the East generally. There is an impression that the Greeks are a dishonest people, but this is not a fair charge to bring against them as a nation. Outside their own country many Greeks have laid themselves open to it, but at home they are as fair-dealing as any other nation.

Even in the city the costumes worn by the Greeks make the street more lively and more varied in colour than those of our towns. The national dress is, like that of the Highland Scots, a kilt. But it is made, not of tweed, but of white linen, starched and pleated.

These traditional habits of dress are dying out, but in the country they die slowly.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

FRENCHMAN WHO TRIED TO SAVE HIS COUNTRY

Great Turning Point in History

INVENTOR HELPED BY A DREAM

- Sept. 5. Jonas Hanway died in London . . . 1786
6. Colbert died in Paris . . . 1683
7. Queen Elizabeth born at Greenwich . . . 1533
8. Richard Coeur de Lion born at Oxford . . . 1157
9. Alabama award of £3,196,874 paid . . . 1873
10. Elias Howe patents first sewing-machine . . . 1846
11. James Thomson, poet, born at Kelso . . . 1700

Jean Baptiste Colbert

COLBERT was a great French statesman whose fame has grown in recent years, since people have thought less about the showy parts of history and more about the influences that mould the prosperity of nations.

He was born in 1619, and the part of his life when he was the greatest man in France was during the reign of the "Grand Monarch," Louis XIV. Colbert tried very hard to save his country from being ruined by the king who figures as the most splendid of European rulers.

Many things can be said against Colbert, for in some ways he was not at all in advance of his heartless age; but he made a serious attempt to build up industry in France, to stop the robbery of public money, to spread taxes fairly over all kinds of people, and to give France her share of the prosperity that can be earned at sea.

It was not his fault that he failed. It was the king's wars and extravagance that broke down his plans. Louis squandered what Colbert made and saved, till Colbert died heartbroken.

The Alabama Arbitration

THE submission to arbitration of the dispute between Britain and the United States about the damage done by the warship Alabama was a turning point in the history of the world.

It ended in Great Britain paying £3,196,874 nine years after she had done what was wrong.

In 1861 war began between the Northern and the Southern parts of the United States.

In 1862 a vessel, evidently designed to be a war-vessel, was built at Birkenhead, and the North called England's attention to the ship, and warned her that the ship should not be sold to the South, as that would be helping in the war. But England did not watch the ship, and so she slipped away to sea, and for two years did great damage to the Northern shipping. At last she was sunk in battle with the American ship Kearsage off Cherbourg.

Then the U.S.A. claimed that England should pay for all the damage the Alabama had done. A court of five—an American, an Englishman, an Italian, a Swiss, and a Brazilian—heard the case and decided against England, who thereupon paid the damages to the amount named.

Elias Howe

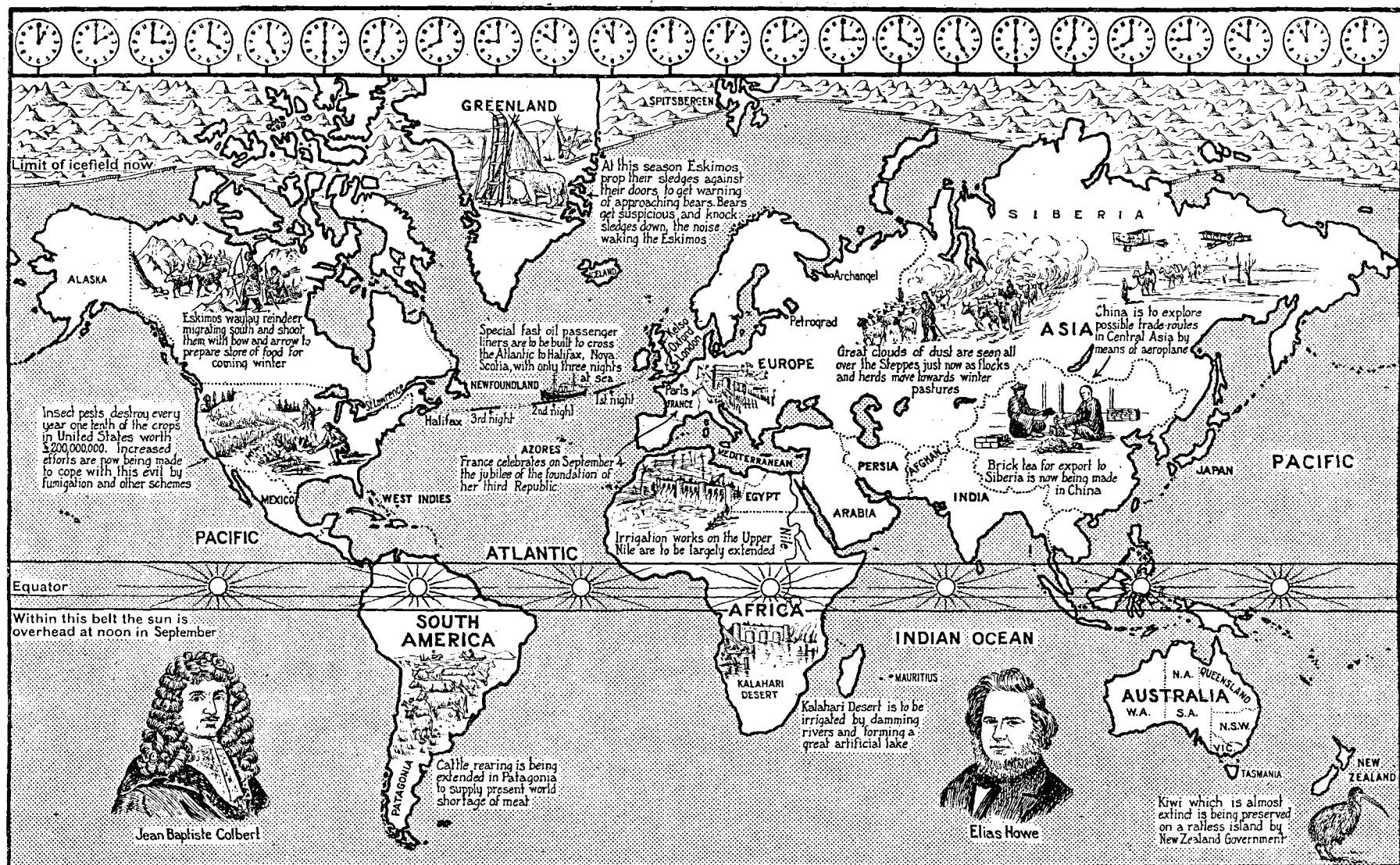
ELIAS HOWE, the son of an American farmer, was one of the world's great inventors, for the thing he made before any other man had thought it out is now in almost every house.

While he was yet a youth it struck him that a sewing-machine would save an immense amount of labour, and from his 22nd year he worked at making one. In five years it was ready and patented. Still the inventor remained poor, so poor that he sold the English rights of his machine for £250.

Then other people started stealing his patents, and he fought them for ten years in the law courts, till he proved he was the true inventor. After that other manufacturers had to pay for the use of his ideas, and he became rich.

Howe's greatest difficulty was in threading the machine needle, and he always maintained that he had dreamed how to do that.

PICTURE-NEWS MAP SHOWING EVENTS IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD



WHAT IS A DROMEDARY? Odd Mistake in a Law Court

An amusing mistake has just been made in a London police-court during the hearing of a case in which the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals alleged that some camels employed in a London theatre had not been properly cared for.

"How many humps has a camel—one or two?" asked the solicitor who appeared for the owner of the camels.

"One," was the reply of the witness, a veterinary surgeon.

"Is it not a dromedary that has one hump and a camel two?" asked the solicitor, but this the surgeon denied.

None of the people concerned, however, seems to have been quite sure what a dromedary was. The majority, no doubt, had the popular idea that a dromedary has one hump while a camel has two. What is the truth?

There are two species of camels—the Arabian, which has one hump and is the camel of the Sahara, Egypt, Arabia, and Persia; and the Bactrian camel, with two humps, which is the camel of Mongolia and China.

The dromedary is simply a good breed of Arabian camel, and bears a similar relation to the ordinary camel that a race-horse bears to a cart-horse.

The word dromedary comes from the ancient Sanskrit, and means a runner.

THE HERO'S WAY

From a Bus Top Into the Thames

Though he would not give his name to admiring spectators, Mr. Redway, of New Bond Street, has become known, very properly, for his was a deed of splendid heroism.

Cries of danger came up from the Thames, from a seven-year-old girl, as an omnibus was crossing Putney Bridge. At once Mr. Redway dropped off the bus and plunged into the stream.

Though hampered by all his clothing he reached the girl and swam with her ashore, and then went off as if he had not done anything particular.

THRILLING ESCAPE FROM THE THAMES Locked in a Tank Under Water

One of the most interesting performances at the recent Jamboree was that of Mr. A. V. Walker, who escaped from locked receptacles in very quick time.

As a result of his show he was challenged by Captain Mazard, of the training ship Northampton, to escape from one of the ship's water tanks after the top had been screwed on.

Mr. Walker accepted the challenge, and was accordingly screwed into a 60-gallon water tank, which, in the presence of a distinguished gathering, including Sir Robert Baden-Powell, was lowered into the Thames.

Twenty-five seconds later, when the tank was hauled up, Mr. Walker had not only escaped from his prison, but was sitting on the top of the tank screwing the bolts in again!

A NEW STAR

Seen by a British Astronomer

Our knowledge of the universe is being widened continually, and fresh stars are being observed.

The vast majority of these new stars are not visible to the naked eye, and are only seen by astronomers through powerful telescopes. Recently, however, a discovery of great importance has been made by Mr. W. F. Denning, of Bristol. He has found a new star which is plainly seen without the aid of a telescope, and is visible on any fine and clear evening in the constellation Cygnus, or the Northern Cross.

A most interesting story of the stars and how we obtain our knowledge of them is told in My Magazine for September, now lying side by side with the C.N. on the bookstalls.

IN THE AUCTION ROOMS

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest:
A four-roomed cottage in Rutland £75
A historic French vase £2500

VILLAGE BURIED A Mountain Top Gives Way

The Philippines have been the scene of one of the most terrible of accidents. Next to earthquakes, eruptions, and tidal waves the most awe-inspiring of calamities is a landslide. In mountainous countries, after heavy rains, it is possible for a whole layer of a mountain to slide down over the part below it, as a snow avalanche slips into the valley.

In the Philippines it is the top of a mountain that has now loosed itself after a storm and glided into the valley below, burying, under hundreds of feet of soil and rock, a village and seventy people.

SINGING HIS WAY

Oldest Chorister in the World

At Strines, near Stockport, a purse has been presented to the chorister who has sung in a church choir longer than anyone in the world.

His name is William Bowden, and he is in his 85th year. He began singing in the choir at Marple Old Church when he was seven, and for the last 40 years has sung twice every Sunday in St. Paul's Church, Strines.

He still has good sight, good hearing, and a good bass voice.

Mr. Bowden continues to work as a fitter, starting at 6.30 in the morning. Is it not a most honourable record?

BIRD'S FALL FROM THE NEST

This description of how a bird was observed to carry its young is sent by a Rugeley reader.

At a hill station in Burma I saw a young bird, apparently just old enough to fly a little, tumble out of the nest. It was too feeble to fly up again.

While we were watching it, wondering how we could help it up without hurting it, one of the parent birds flew down and seized it by the tail.

Then the young one made another attempt, and, held by the tail by the parent bird, managed to get back to the branches 15 or 20 feet above the ground.

TOAD IN CONCRETE The Simple Truth About It FACTS VERSUS SENSATION

Not long ago we commented on the story of a toad which was supposed to have been found alive by workmen under a thick bed of concrete at London, in Ontario.

The idea of toads and frogs living long shut up in the earth, away from food and air, is revived constantly by those who love wonders more than they love truth, but the plain fact is that nothing of the kind ever happens.

We had to rely on the Canadian newspapers for the supposed facts about the place where the latest wonderful toad was found, and our comments were made to suggest that, wherever it was found alive, it must have been in a place where food could reach it.

We are greatly indebted to Mr. John Dearness, M.A., of the Department of Biology of the Provincial Normal School, London, Ontario, for removing the foolish wonder, and making clear the simple truth about the latest of the many toads imagined as living for years without food.

He says: "I heard the details of the discovery, and obtained the toad itself. I found its stomach well filled with insects in all stages of digestion. I have no doubt it got into the building where the concrete was being broken up after the work had begun, and during the night tumbled over the edge of the broken concrete and dug itself into the soil, where it was found in the morning."

And that was all the newspaper story was about! Yet we shall not wait long for other sensation lovers to tell other stories about foodless frogs.

Pronunciations in this Paper

Cygnus	Sig-nus.
Iberis	Eye-beer-iss
Sinn Fein	Shim Fain
Venezelos	Ven-ce-zee-los
Helianthus	Hee-lee-an-thus

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 4 1920

Mind the Corner

SOMEONE has written to a newspaper pointing out that nearly all motor-car accidents occur at corners. He might have said that nearly all accidents to human character occur at corners.

Corners of all kinds have a singular meaning for mankind. We begin by fearing a dark corner, grow out of the foolish notion that an ogre is hiding there, and proceed cheerfully on our way as if, no ogre being in that particular corner, there is no mystery in any other corner. But every corner is the hiding-place of a mysterious enemy.

A corner means the end of one thing and the beginning of another. All down the road of life there are these corners.

Going to school is a corner; leaving school is another; entering a business is another; making a friend is a most perilous corner; joining a club is another corner.

When a person recovers from an illness we say he has turned the corner. He has begun to live again. Every corner we turn is largely a beginning to live again, and life depends on *how we take our corners*.

The enemy who hides in every corner is Disaster.

He is one of the most dismal rascals in the world, but at the same time the least powerful. Indeed, in himself he has no power. We need never fear him. He can only injure us if we are stupid. For instance, if we exceed the speed limit of caution in taking our corners, or slouch round them with our eyes shut, this rascal will spring from his hiding-place like a tiger, and before we know where we are will have us rolling in the dust.

It is better not merely to take our corners carefully, but to pull up and have a good look all round. There are fools on the road of life, and fools are never "only their own enemies." Every fool is a danger to the rest of the world. In taking a corner it is almost certain some stupid body is coming to meet us.

But we must not *fear* corners. If it were not for these many turns on the road of life the way would be dull. The more corners the merrier, so long as each one is leading us to the best end of every journey—a good character and a heart at peace.

There is a magic password for every corner on the road of life. It is "Take Care." Take care how you choose a friend. Take care how you work. Take care how you play. Take care how you choose your books. Take care how you keep the doors of your heart. Take care how you live in body, mind, and soul.

Use this password, and Disaster, though he growls angrily as you round each corner, will not be able to hurt a hair of your head.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



How They Settled It

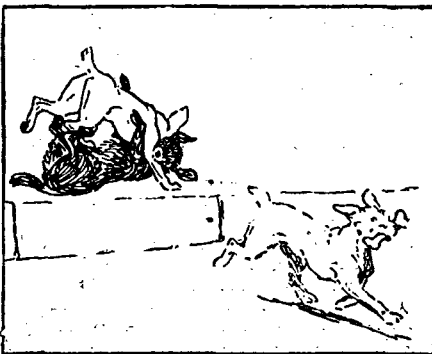
THAT is a capital story which comes from poor troubled Ireland of a Sinn Fein judge.

It is said that a farmer died some years ago and left his farm to his two sons, to be equally divided between them. The younger son claimed half the farm, and for two years the courts have tried to cut the farm into equal halves. Perhaps you have not tried to cut a farm in two, but it is very hard.

Then the Sinn Fein people seem to have taken the farm in hand and to have done in an hour what the ordinary courts had failed to do in years. They ordered the elder brother to divide the farm, and gave the younger brother first choice of the two halves.

Was not that as wise as Solomon?

Proverb of the Day



To Capital and Labour:
Two Dogs Strive for a Bone and a Third
Runs Away with It

A Plea for a Higher Wage

IT is suggested that we do not pay our Cabinet Ministers enough, and it is no doubt true that £5000 a year is all too little for the man who bears the burden of a British Prime Minister in days like these.

But what is a scandal beyond words is that the legal members of the Government should be paid about twice as much as the Prime Minister himself and about five times as much as the Minister for Education.

Why should the Lord Chancellor have £10,000 a year and the Minister for Education £2000? We should like to see the salaries reversed.

Old Clothes for the New Poor

ONE thing is pathetic among all the hundreds of reasons given why people like bad weather. It is the suggestion of a little lady at Ashton-on-Mersey, in Cheshire, that the New Poor like bad weather because they cannot afford new clothes, and the old ones are still passable while the weather is bad.

Money, after all, is nothing very much. Worth more than all the gold in the world is that courage which faces whatever comes, believing that life is still worth living and that all is well.

A Millionaire's Sermon

A GREAT man has just died and left two million pounds. What we like about his will is the fact that his personal jewellery was worth £25 10s.

Is it not a fine little sermon on the real value of things? Diamonds and rubies and pearls, cuff-links and tie-pins and rings, bracelets and anklets and gold knobs on sticks—what are they all? Give us a field of daffodils, and keep your Bond Streets.

Tip-Cat

SNOWDON summit has been sold for £7000. It was bound to fetch a top price.

FASHION is the nightmare of women with small incomes, an expert says. He means it is their clothes horse.

THE boy who can play 20 games of chess at once should be taken care of and kept out of draughts.

PARLIAMENT has risen. It will be quite a respectable place before long.

WE are to have political speeches on the phonograph. One advantage will be that it will be easy to change the record.

THERE is a lady doctor who does not know her patients' names, but distinguishes them by numbers. Naturally, a doctor finds it easy to recognise us by our figures.

WHEN is the weather like a ten-pound note? When it is changeable.

HONOUR for letter sorters: The Alphabetical Order.

THE Ministry of Labour will not let barbers cut their prices. It would be more humane to stop them cutting their customers.

LANELLY has been waiting two years to present the Premier with a casket. For his gems of oratory, of course.

Telling the Corpse

ONCE for all the Supreme Court of the United States has finally settled the question of Prohibition by deciding that it is quite proper and legal, and that neither Courts nor State Parliaments can alter it.

That is to say, the judges of America have told the corpse that he is dead.

Was It You?

Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody thought 'Tis sweet to live;
Somebody said "I'm glad to give";
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right:
Was it you?

If With All Your Hearts

A LITTLE love will help you on your way
Down the hard, twisting street of
Everyday,
Will bring you safely in the falling
light
To the kind, gentle arms of old
Nurse Night.

A LITTLE love will serve your
homely needs
To give a grace to all your words
and deeds,
To help the frail, to cheer the sad,
to win
The foolish from the poisoned
troughs of sin.

BUT love as deep as ocean, wide
as space,
And high as are the stars from all
things base,
You need if you would see through
darkest skies
The everlasting gates of Paradise.

O LOVE that shouts Hosannah
to the morn,
For whom in each small flower
a Christ is born,
O love that stands transfigured in
earth's strife
Breathing the raptures of Eternal
Life! HAROLD BEGBIE

Two Good Turns

By Our Country Girl in Town

THE young man, who could have filled the biggest suit of armour in the Tower, was absurd in the bus. He was so tall that he could not stand upright, and had to hold his bowler hat in his hand.

During a quarter of an hour he had crouched in this painful manner, for a woman invariably boarded the bus whenever a seat fell vacant, and each time he insisted that she should take it.

Two stages before our destination was reached my companion said to me:

"Let's get out here."

"No; our stop is the Gloucester Road," I began. But she was gone.

I scrambled after her, and saw the giant seated at last.

"That's a good turn off my conscience!" she said laughing.

"I didn't know you were a Boy Scout," I grumbled, glancing at her demure mushroom hat and long skirt.

"I wish I were," she said. "But, in any case, one good turn deserves another. This morning a stranger did me a good turn without knowing it. I came across a window-box of crocuses in a dingy street. It did one's heart good to look at them, and they must have cheered hundreds of people since they came up. There ought to be a medal for people who grow flowers in mean streets. I wish I could have thanked the grower. Never mind; I paid the tall man instead."

Is it not rather a pleasant idea that happiness is a National Loan, and that we should pay interest on every pleasure?



THE UNPAID DEBT MAN WHO BORROWED FOUR SHEKELS IN 1962 B.C.

Who Will Reckon Up the
Interest?

A PROBLEM FOR A BRIGHT BOY AND HIS LOGARITHMS

A very interesting find has just been made among what might appear to the ignorant to be a lot of old rubbish. It is an I O U for four shekels dating back to October, 1962 B.C., and as the sum was never repaid it is still owing.

The note was signed by a man named Bur-Mama and given to Il Sinnutum, who had lent the money.

The document, which is on clay, was found among some old Babylonian and Assyrian tablets in the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, and is more interesting now than all the records of kings and battles, for it deals with the daily life of the people.

There were four witnesses who had affixed their seals to the tablet, and they were not to be held liable for payment unless it was shown that at the time they witnessed to the character of Bur-Mama they knew he was dishonest.

National Debt Looks Small

The four shekels would be worth probably a sovereign, and interest was to be paid at the rate of forty per cent. If the descendants of Il Sinnutum were alive today and sued the successors of Bur-Mama, those unfortunate people would be hard put to it to pay even a small proportion of the amount due.

Money put out at interest has a strange habit of multiplying, and this small debt of 4000 years ago with the interest now amounts to a sum that puts in the shade our own great National Debt. In fact, all the national debts of the world would form a sum so small in comparison with Bur-Mama's debt that they would seem something like a child's Saturday penny compared with the wealth of the world.

Marvel of Compound Interest

Any sum put out at only five per cent. compound interest doubles itself in about fifteen years, and is multiplied by ten in less than 48 years. This sum of one pound borrowed by Bur-Mama 4000 years ago, even at five per cent., would now amount to a sum represented by one followed by 85 noughts, or, in words, ten million million million million million million million million million pounds. What, then, must it be with interest at 40 per cent., as agreed? Imagination fails us, and if some bright boy works it out by logarithms he will be no wiser.

In English law there is a statute of limitations, which declares that if a debt is to be recovered action must be taken within six years, otherwise the debt lapses. But in the old Babylonian and Assyrian law we know of no such statute, so that Bur-Mama's debt still stands.

Belshazzar Deals in Wool

Many of these interesting old commercial documents have been found—the deeds of houses, the indentures of apprentices, contracts for sales, and so on—and they show that life was not so very different in the ancient past from what it is today. Even monarchs, worshipped as gods, were not above turning an honest penny in commerce, like the modern Kaisers of Germany and Bulgaria.

We find, according to one tablet, that Belshazzar, whose story is familiar in the Book of Daniel, acted as a wool merchant on the quiet and made some handsome profits by selling his wool to one, Nadin Merodach. Of course he kept in the background, and let his steward carry through the deal.

These business documents were inscribed on clay tablets, signed or marked with the finger-nail, sealed, and enclosed in a clay envelope, the whole being put for safe keeping in an earthen pot, just as we put our documents in iron boxes. The process is described in the 32nd chapter of Jeremiah.

WHERE THE WORDS COME FROM

One of the strangest and most interesting things in etymology—the science of words—is the way in which words of the same derivation have drifted apart in spelling or meaning.

Who, for instance, would ever imagine that apricot and precocious were both derived from the same Latin word *præcox*? Who would ever imagine that the tropical bird the trogon, the trout, and the troglodyte were akin? Yet they are all derived from the same Greek word, meaning to gnaw or nibble.

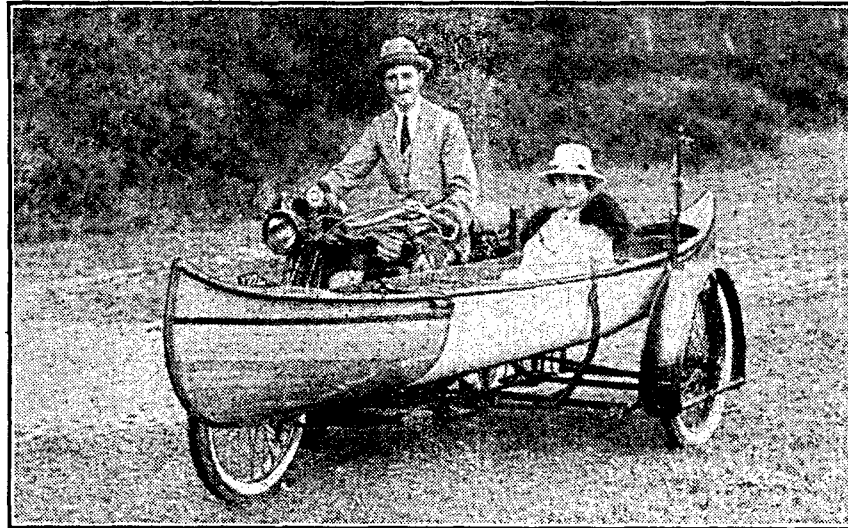
Who could have guessed that the turbinal bone in the nose, a turbine, and a turbot were all derivatives of the

Latin word for a top? Who could have guessed that salmon and salient were both derived from the Latin word for leap?

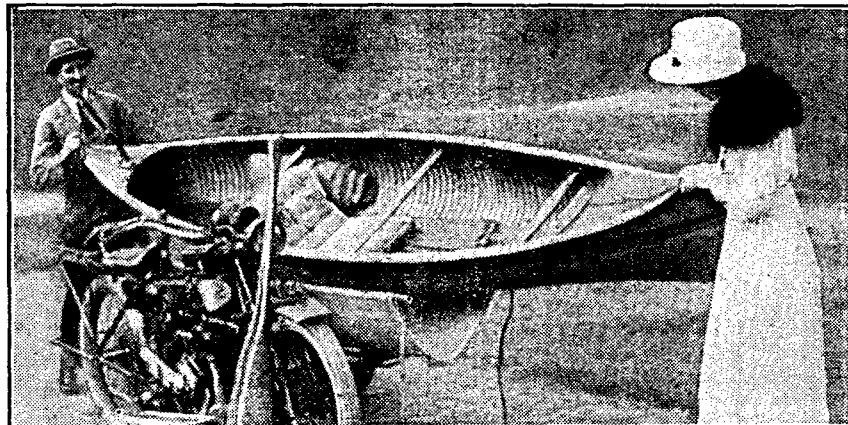
Who would have supposed that the frivolous word antic and the solemn word antique were twins? Who would have thought that dame, tame, adamant, dome, diamond were all offspring of one Greek word, that damask and damson both came from Damascus?

There are some very interesting Tales of the Great Word Family in the new number of My Magazine, now lying on the bookstalls side by side with the Children's Newspaper

TAKING YOUR BOAT WITH YOU



Off to the river for a paddle



Lifting the boat off the cycle



A pleasant paddle on the water

An ex-member of the Royal Air Force has made an attachment by which his canoe can be carried on his motor-cycle as a side-car. It will hold three passengers, and can be easily lifted on and off the cycle

A SERMON IN FOUR STONES

In early Bible times notable events were kept in mind by the setting up of stones as aids to memory, and the practice is being continued today, when the need for it has ceased. Plymouth, in New England, has just sent four blocks of granite to Plymouth in Old England, though Plymouth in Old England is close to a notable granite-producing county.

Of course there is a good reason for this gift. The blocks, carried for nothing by the Cunard Line, are to be corner-stones for a Salvation Army Memorial

Hall on the Plymouth front, near the spot whence the Mayflower sailed 300 years ago to found America.

The layers of these four stones are partly English and partly American, namely, the English Lord Chief Justice, the American Ambassador, Lady Astor (who is an American), the President of the American Club, and General Bramwell Booth.

These stones will preach a sermon truly; they speak of that enduring friendship of the English-speaking races which yet will save the world.

BATTLE WITH THE BATS

SCENE IN A BATHROOM An Odd Casualty List in Surrey STORY OF A TROUBLED NIGHT

Bats are an almost unmixed blessing to mankind. They fly at night, when all but owls and goatsuckers have left the air to nocturnal insects, and they feed on our aerial enemies.

Left alone they are priceless, but when handled they are generally found to swarm with vermin. Hence, when a bathroom becomes filled with them, unpleasant visions fill the minds of the rightful occupants, and there comes a battle for possession. And that is what has just happened at a house in Reigate, Surrey, where bats, having made their way to the vicinity of the hot-water pipes beneath the bathroom floor, increased so greatly that they overflowed their original quarters and began to colonise the bath.

There was a fight against numbers, the bats having the majority. In the course of the struggle a window was broken, and many of the winged mammals escaped; but when all was over and the casualties were counted 75 bats lay dead in the bathroom.

The Army of Bats

There lives a man who believed he had fully as many bats in his bedroom. He was staying at a wayside hotel in the country, and had no sooner settled down in bed than flip-flap-flop went a bat in the dark. "Awful things, bats; I shall never be able to endure this," he said, rising and striking a light. With the help of a towel he captured the animal, and endeavoured to raise the window to eject it; but it was a bad air hotel, and the window would not open.

By the dim light of a distant, guttering candle he explored the room, and decided that the best prison was the drawer of the washing-stand. Into that he popped the bat; then he extinguished the light and returned to bed.

Soon a bat was again flying about the room. The traveller got up, caught it, and put it where he had put the first. After brief intervals he had to do that a number of times. "The place is a regular battery," he said. How many times he had to rise, chase, capture, and confine a bat in the table drawer is not now to be told, but the sleepy and bewildered man felt that his exploits had run into dozens.

The Empty Drawer

In the morning, when dim light entered the room, there was still a bat flip-flap-flopping to and fro, and the visitor determined to count the captives he had made. Very cautiously he opened the drawer. It was empty! Not a solitary bat was there. But he saw something which enabled him to understand why his night had been so active and his hunts for bats so many.

A large knot in the wood of the bottom of the drawer was missing. In its place was a considerable hole. What he had been doing all night was to catch the same bat again and again, for the creature immediately to escape from the hole in the drawer and resume its aerial journeys. But there is no doubt about the 75 bats in the Reigate bathroom, for they all lay, when the contest was ended, dead as the nails in the door.

THE VIENNA FUND

We are asked to mention the receipt, from the Harrogate Branch of the Save the Children Fund, of a cheque for £350, of which £81 is contributed by sixteen schools, £50 2s. 2d. being from the Walkroyd Girls' School. The Clifton House School Scouts contributed £121.

UNDER CANVAS

The Great Army of Youth CHURCH LADS IN A YORK- SHIRE CAMP

By One Who Passed By

Eight pounds spent in ten minutes on lemonade! This is the record of a first day in camp, the record of some two thousand lads drawn from the northern counties to Hunmanby, in Yorkshire.

What a story those coppers could tell if they had a tongue! You can imagine how they were saved up for weeks and months in Sheffield, Bradford, Leeds, Newcastle, Hull, Gateshead, and Durham. You can imagine how they were carefully put away in money-boxes, and saved up in little stuffy bedrooms, for this glorious week in the open air. Nearly two thousand coppers banged down on the counter of the canteen as a beginning of camp life!

These boys of the Church Lads' Brigade have been enjoying the time of their lives.

The day begins and ends with three minutes' silence for private prayer—two thousand human beings, under the kindly skies of our northern England, silent for three minutes with the thought of God the Father. Is that not something to make us hopeful of England's future? There is a chapel in the camp, in which the singing of the lads is splendid beyond words. Then there are sports, bathing, parades, concerts, drills, games, fun of all sorts, and not one idle moment.

The medical officer has one word for the health of this army—"excellent."

If we were to add up all the boys in England who belong to some such organisation as this we should see that the manhood of the country is going to be better recruited than ever before in its history. We are on our way from a C 3 to an A 1 nation.

But do not let us crow too loudly. What about all the lads in our dark and depressing cities who belong to no such organisation, and are now running to waste in the streets?

We suggest that every boy who has had his week in camp, every boy in the Scouts or the Church Lads' Brigade, should set himself to enlist at least two other boys before winter begins.

Let him go about bronzed and happy, rattling his coppers in his pockets and talking of the lemonade in the canteen. After that he should get on to the bathing parades and the sports. And in the end, but only with great care, let him speak of the choir singing—and, perhaps, the three minutes of silence.

OUR PLEASANT STREAMS

And Their Fish Supply

The British streams were once beloved by many kinds of fish.

Salmon was so plentiful that apprentices used to bargain beforehand with their masters that they should not be asked to eat it oftener than twice a week.

But the fish do not make their way up-stream now, or, if they do, they are soon killed off by more dangerous things than anglers. How is the harm done?

Well, to settle that a committee, formed by the Transport Ministry and the Fisheries Ministry, is making inquiries. The Transport Ministry is brought in because people say that the tar washed off the road by the rain kills the fish in the streams. That, however, is not proved; it is only supposed.

What is clear is that all kinds of foul stuff, far worse than road tar, is poured from factories into the streams, and makes them polluted and unfit for fish.

What is good for the health of the fish is good for the health of the people, and if the Government can give us pure streams again, filled with healthy fish, we will thank them, and risk having to eat salmon twice a week.

WHY NOT KEEP BEES?

SUGAR IS DEAR BUT HONEY IS CHEAP

Back to the Ways of Our Saxon Ancestors

THE LAW OF THE SWARM

We seem to be going back to many of the ways of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers. Already sailing ships and windmills are coming into more general use than has been the case for a long time, and the shortage of sugar has made honey more popular than it has been for centuries. Sugar is dear, but if we keep bees honey is cheap.

At present there is quite a boom in bees, and probably there are more people keeping bees now than at any time since the Middle Ages, when sugar was a luxury of the rich and the only sweetening material for the mass of ordinary people was the produce of the bee.

We know from reading Ivanhoe that honey was used in the making of sundry confections, and Shakespeare tells us over and over again how large a part honey played in his day. The mead we read of in history was a drink made from honey and water.

Swarm of Bees for Nothing

In the Middle Ages the manufacture of this beverage was an important art, and the mead-maker ranked eleventh in dignity in the courts of the Welsh princes, taking precedence of the physicians. In Saxon times, too, there was an attendant of the hives on all the great estates.

Now, once again, a large proportion of the people is keeping the bee and using its honey for sweetening, as our ancestors did. With the increased demand the price of bees is going up, and an established stock costs about five pounds, though a swarm can be bought for less, and can sometimes be had for nothing by persons prepared to receive it if it comes their way.

Quite recently the writer of this article had three swarms of bees alight on trees in his garden in one week, two on the same day. They remained hanging on the tree for about half-an-hour, and then flew off farther afield.

Curious Old Law

The law about swarms is curious, and is based on ancient custom. It appears to be that if your bees swarm you may follow them on to a neighbour's land so long as you keep them in sight, but once you lose sight of the swarm you lose your right in it, and it belongs to the person on whose land it settles.

Some time ago a swarm of bees suddenly settled on the face and neck of a girl of 16, who had the presence of mind to stand perfectly still, although the bees completely covered her head, face, and neck. Her father brought a skep and collected the bees, and the girl had not one single sting.

How to Escape Stings

The worst thing to do if bees settle on you is to get excited and run about. This makes the bees angry and they are certain to do you harm, whereas if you remain perfectly still the bees are most unlikely to sting and will soon take themselves off.

The bee shares the honour with the silkworm of being one of the two insects that have been domesticated by man. If gas and electricity become much dearer we shall be able still further to imitate our Saxon ancestors by using the bees' wax for making candles.

Unfortunately, our modern beekeepers have to contend with a fatal bee scourge, known from the place of its supposed origin as Isle of Wight disease. It sweeps over a district and carries off the bees in thousands, and there is no known cure, though, fortunately, it is possible to get bees from Holland that are immune from the disease—for one season only.

NATION'S WAR TAX

New Troubles and Old

THE TREMENDOUS GROWTH OF THE INCOME TAX

By Our Financial Correspondent

The Great War, like all wars, has left an enormous legacy of new taxation.

In fact, we had not finished paying for the old wars when 1914 arrived. The then existing National Debt of £708,000,000 really represented the burdens left by old troubles.

As for what is called the National Expenditure, which is the amount of money raised and spent by the Imperial Government, it grew through the Great War from 217 million pounds in 1914 to 1516 million pounds in 1920. Of course, the present year's expenditure includes a great deal of spending through the war which we hope will not occur again, but the Government does not hold out any hope that it can reduce the National Expenditure to less than about 1000 million pounds.

The result is, of course, very heavy taxes. Few people realise how great the growth has been in the last ten years. Sometimes people in the old days used to grumble about taxes, but the sums paid were very small compared with now.

Tax That Will Not Stop Growing

Take, for example, the Income Tax, which is the duty levied directly on citizens according to the amount of their income. Here is a table which shows how this tax has grown. It refers to incomes which are entirely earned, and in each case it refers to the joint income of a man and wife.

INCOME TAX ON EARNED INCOMES			
Income	1910	1920	Increase
£160 . . .	none . . .	none . . .	none
£300 . . .	£5 . . .	£15 . . .	£10
£500 . . .	£3 . . .	£39 . . .	£26
£700 . . .	£24 . . .	£87 . . .	£63
£1000 . . .	£37 . . .	£150 . . .	£113
£2000 . . .	£75 . . .	£450 . . .	£375
£5000 . . .	£292 . . .	£1787 . . .	£1495
£10,000 . . .	£758 . . .	£4187 . . .	£3429

We see that the tax paid by a man earning £300 a year has been multiplied three times, while the tax paid by a man earning £2000 a year has been multiplied six times. If a man with £1000 a year could now go back to the taxes of 1910, he would almost feel that he escaped taxation altogether.

It is clear that if such burdens are to be borne the nation has to produce more than it did before the war, and, unfortunately, we are now actually producing less than in 1914.

THE BLACK BEAN

Queer Pledge of Honour

One of the queer ways in which men pledge themselves to be honest was mentioned the other day in East London.

Down by the Thames side there is a custom of exchanging a black bean as a sign of trustworthiness. It is said that no agreement drawn up by a lawyer, and signed, sworn, stamped, and sealed, is regarded as more fixed and firm than the simple word of two men who have exchanged black beans.

Quite simple observances of this kind, but with a binding meaning, have existed throughout the past and exist everywhere. Thus, formerly, transfer of some kinds of property from owner to owner was accompanied by the old owner handing a stick to the new owner.

One peppercorn a year was once handed over by custom for the use of land which was let free from other rent, and this is still done in many places.

The Chinese proclaim their honesty by the breaking of a saucer.

HEDGEHOG CROSSES THE RIVER

A Scottish reader tells of a hedgehog that made its way to the water of the River Kelvin and swam across with surprising rapidity.

THE MAN WHO BUILT HOUSES

WHO WILL GIVE US A CHRISTOPHER WREN?

How He Solved the Housing Problem Long Ago

NEW CITY WIPES OUT AN OLD PLAGUE

We are told that half a million new houses are wanted in Great Britain if the people are to be properly lodged, but who is to see that they are built?

So far only a few hundreds have been put up, despite the fact that there is a department of the Government specially organised to speed up building and give substantial grants of money to those who build houses within a given time. Yet the work creeps along at a snail's pace, and there seems no prospect of improvement for years to come.

What a pity we have not a Christopher Wren to help us! His genius, ability, and energy, which in building have never been equalled, stood the people of London in good stead after the Great Fire of 1666, when, for the only time in British history, there was a shortage of houses as serious as now. Yet through this one man's untiring efforts a new city arose as if by magic.

The fire had destroyed five-sixths of the city, covering 436 acres; 13,200 dwelling-houses were laid in ruins, together with St. Paul's Cathedral, 86 churches, three of the city gates, and a host of other public buildings, including the Royal Exchange. Roughly speaking, the devastated area was a mile and a half long by half a mile broad, and the value of the lost buildings was nearly eleven millions sterling.

Ten Thousand Houses Built

Yet within two days of the fire Christopher Wren had surveyed the burning city and been to the king with plans for its rebuilding on a grand scale.

He was appointed Deputy Surveyor-General and Principal Architect for the rebuilding of the whole city, and though his splendid plans for making a magnificent capital, with wide and airy thoroughfares, were not accepted by Parliament, so energetically did he push matters forward that within four years ten thousand houses had been erected.

If that could be done with the resources of the 17th century, what could not a Christopher Wren do now? Wren's energy was simply prodigious. Not only did he rebuild St. Paul's and 52 other churches, and scores of fine public buildings, but he designed streets and roads of houses inside and outside the city, and, coupled with the genius of designing and drawing plans, he had also the great gift of getting other people to carry out those plans and build with speed and enthusiasm.

One Man Does the Work of Twenty

He seems to have done the work of twenty men. In addition to rebuilding London, he was here, there, and everywhere on architectural duties, and upon him also devolved the task of detecting and abating all nuisances, irregularities of building, defects in drainage, and so on, that might prove prejudicial to health.

As a proof of how well he did his work let it be remembered that, though before the Great Fire London suffered from the Plague every few years, after Wren rebuilt the city the Plague never again showed its face. He built a new city and wiped out an old plague. What a pity, surely, it is that we have no Christopher Wren among us now, to put up new houses and blot out our old slums.

KEEPERS OF OUR SECRETS

A grown-up paper points out that there are now five classes of people who know their neighbours' secrets—doctors, lawyers, bankers, priests, and income-tax clerks.

THE WEEK IN NATURE

Beautiful Moths Now
Flying
WONDER OF THE GOSSAMER

By Our Country Correspondent

September 5. We have all been astonished at the sight of the gossamer which now floats in the air, and more or less covers parts of the countryside. A week or two later it will be more evident than it is now. Exactly which of the 500 different kinds of spiders that occur in the British Islands spin the gossamer it is difficult to say, but every bit of it comes from a tiny spider.

September 6. The swallow has begun to sing again, and any music added to the chorus of the countryside is welcome in the fall of the year. The swallow's song is not unlike the linnet's, a kind of twittering warble, something like "tiz-zit."

September 7. The familiar dog-rose is beginning to lose its leaves, and this is a reminder that the summer season is merging into autumn.

September 8. Among the more showy moths that are now to be seen by those who seek with lantern after dark are the underwings. The red underwing is quite common in the south of England, and the dark crimson underwing is to be found, though it is more local. The beautiful Clifden Nonpareil, however, is rare, and if you can find one you have a treasure.

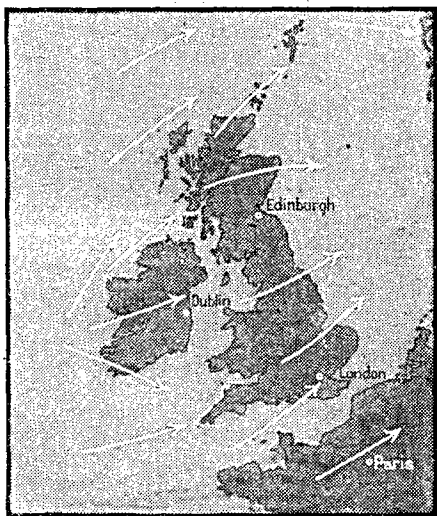
September 9. Another bird that has begun to sing again is the great titmouse, sometimes called the oxeeye. It is the largest of all the tits, and its note is an imitation of the "pink-pink" of the chaffinch, for it is a clever mimic. It is very pugnacious and attacks other small birds, and is exceedingly restless.

September 10. Elder-berries are now ripe, and country people used formerly to make a wine from these. Elder is found growing near all old cottages, and this is a relic from the foolish old days when ignorant people thought it was a protection against supposed witches.

September 11. Among the wild flowers the yellow heads of the golden rod are now at their best; the blush-pink blossoms of the marsh-mallow are conspicuous in marshes near the sea; and Canadian fleabane is found in waste places in certain districts.

C.N. WEATHER MAPS OF THE U.K.

The Winds of September



This map shows the direction of the prevailing winds in the United Kingdom during September

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Earth up celery when the soil is dry. Draw a little earth to the roots of leeks, and encourage growth in cauliflower plants by frequently stirring the soil.

Prepare ground for strawberry plantations, and plant them as soon as possible.

Runners may be planted six inches apart in nursery beds. Proceed with the propagation of hardy border plants, such as iberis, helianthus, and phloxes, by taking the side-growths and putting them in sandy soil in a cold frame.

CURES BY COLOUR

How Old Is the Idea?

A QUIANT PAGE FROM AN
OLD BOOK

We have not yet got used to the idea that certain mind troubles can be cured by colour, though many people believe it to be so. We read in the newspapers that many cases of shell-shock have been alleviated by this means, but most people are still waiting to be assured that this strange thing is really a fact.

A few years ago it was announced that what are called the ultra-violet rays from the sun possessed soothing qualities and that certain dentists made use of this deep violet colour, using it as an anaesthetic when they pulled teeth, and their patients felt no pain. It was only discontinued, we were told, because the rays seemed to set up other troubles.

But is this idea of colour cure really new? On the contrary, the mental effect of colour was certainly known to our Elizabethan ancestors, and may be as old as painted glass.

Distracted Man's Red Windows

For example, in a manuscript left behind him by the famous John Aubrey, we have come across this passage:

The curious Oriental reds, yellows, blews, and greens in glasse painting, especially when the sun shines, doe much refresh the spirits.

After this manner did Dr. R. revive the spirits of a poor distracted gentleman; for, whereas his former physician shutt up his windows and kept him in utter darkness, he did open his window lids and let in the light and filled his windows with glasses of curious tinctures, which the distempered person would always be looking on, and it did conduce to the quieting of his disturbed spirits.

We are apt to think that at least the achievements of modern science are original; but we cannot be sure even of this. Mummies have been found, for instance, with teeth in their heads which had been crowned in remote ages—an idea thought to be of American origin.

AFRICAN CHIEF ON TOUR

Seeing Our Countryside

THE LITTLE BOY WITH THE
BIG UMBRELLA

Chief Oluwa, from Lagos, West Africa, to whose visit to Paris we referred not long ago, has now been taken by an officer of the Salvation Army to see the Hadleigh Farm Colony.

The chief was greatly interested in the milking of the cows, but expressed great uneasiness when being shown round a hothouse, because, he said, "it smelt of fever." Hadleigh Castle was pointed out to him, and it was explained that this was a present from Henry VIII to one of his wives. The chief smiled at this, and said, "I have heard of your Henry VIII; I, too, have several wives!" He was told that English people were not proud of this king and his unfortunate way of killing his wives.

The chief was fascinated by the processes by which bricks are manufactured, and even inspected the interior of one of the huge ovens while it was still hot. He specially asked to see a plough at work, as he had never seen one before, and although it was not the proper time the horses were brought out and set to work. He thought it wonderful to see how the earth was turned over.

His son was in close attendance on him, and whenever the sun came out up went the big State umbrella, with its bold red and yellow stripes, the boy walking behind his father to protect him from the heat.

The way in which the Farm Colony was established was explained to the chief, at which he said, "It was because God was with your great Mr. Booth that it could be done."

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card

How Does a Cat Purr?

By gently vibrating its vocal organs. What we call the croak of a frog is really like a purr developed into a sharper succession of sounds. Tigers and most of the cat tribe purr.

How Can an Eagle Gaze at the Sun?

Apparently the naked eye is not used. The eagle draws a thin membrane across the eyeball and gazes at the sun through it, as we look through smoked glass.

Can Snails Smell Their Food?

Yes; their power of smell is very fine. They find their way to food by smell, not by sight, and if material to which a hungry snail is making is lifted, and its position altered, the snail will change his direction and infallibly trace the object.

What is a Deciduous Tree?

A deciduous tree is one whose leaves fall off at a given season. The same term is used in regard to animal life, to the seasonal casting of the coat for example, or, better still, to the annual shedding of antlers by all members of the deer family.

Do Giraffes Fight With Their Horns?

A kick from the hind leg is the giraffe's readiest reply to attack, but when the horn-crowned head, mounted on an immensely long neck, is swung sideways, the blow is stunning in effect. Giraffes must be meant to employ this weapon early in life at need, for the baby giraffe is the only creature born with horns.

How did the Fox Reach Australia?

Until the arrival of white men the only true carnivorous animal in Australia was a wild dog, called the dingo. Some years ago two or three foxes were taken out from Cumberland, and their descendants have become a plague. They are big, bold, and fierce, killing ten times as many sheep as they can eat.

Do all Snakes Kill by Biting?

No snake kills by an actual bite. It is not the bite of the cobra that is fatal, but the poison issuing from its grooved teeth and squeezed into the wound caused by the bite. The non-poisonous constrictors kill by crushing their prey—men or beasts.

Has a Butterfly a Scent?

Certain scales of moths and butterflies yield scent. It might be expected that as the female glow worm lights her lamp to reveal her presence to the lampless male, the female butterfly would be a scented lady. Such is not the case. It is the male which carries butterfly scent, to make him an agreeable companion to his sweetheart.

Does Shearing do a Sheep Good?

In the wilds sheep grow lighter fleeces than domestic breeds, and get rid of superfluous wool by natural means. The sheep reared by men have not thorn bushes or rocks to help them to dispose of their overcoats, and they would suffer if their wool were not sheared.

What Good Do Rats Do?

Like flies rats may serve a useful purpose in the wilds as destroyers of refuse, but about the homes of men they are an unqualified nuisance and danger to health. Bubonic plague is transmitted to man by the flea of the infected rat.

How may the Notes of Birds be Learned?

Patience, observation, and memory are the triple passport to this enchanted realm of knowledge. The names and outlines of birds may be learned from the pages of My Magazine. Knowing the name of a bird seen, we store its song in our mind. If we hear a note unknown we must ask a wise companion for the name of the singer. Bird song, once learned, is unforgettable.

STRANGE MYSTERY
OF A STARLIGHT THAT WAXES AND
WANESPear-Shaped Worlds That
Circle Round One Another
PROFESSOR'S CURIOUS THEORY

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

There is of an evening, high up and almost above us, a particularly wonderful star, Beta in Lyra. It was referred to in last week's C.N. and can be easily found with the aid of the star-map given.

Although of but medium brightness, it is of great interest and has been for long a mystery to observers, for although generally brighter than Gamma in Lyra, a star about three Moons away to the left, yet at certain very regular times the wonderful Beta becomes fainter than Gamma.

Now, by looking at it closely from time to time, and comparing it with Gamma, anyone can see this transition for himself. Beta's variations in brightness are very regular. It takes 12 days 21 hours and 47 minutes to go through all its changes from faint to bright and back again to its minimum.

Cycles of Brightness

Suppose we had the good fortune to observe it one evening at its faintest; then in two-and-a-half days it would have risen to its brightest; after four more days it would have dropped nearly half-way back; but again in another four days it would be at its brightest once more. After this it would diminish rapidly in brightness, so that in nearly another two-and-a-half days it would be down to its faintest.

This is what is known as a variable star, to distinguish it from the great mass of stars whose light appears fixed and unchangeable. A variable star used to be considered a wonderful exception, but now the researches of astronomers have discovered thousands of them, and it is even realised that our own Sun is a variable star with an eleven-year cycle.

Shutting Off a Star's Light

But the mysterious Beta in Lyra with his 13-day cycle is variable from a cause far different from that of our Sun, whose variability is due to stormy disturbances in himself. Variability in stars is due to many causes, some known, others unknown.

In the case of Beta in Lyra the cause is only partly known. The difficult thing to explain is the fact that its light drops temporarily after reaching its height, and then brightens up again.

In the case of the famous Algol, the "Demon Star," the periodic dimming of its light is due to a great dark world, as large as our Sun, which revolves round Algol, and, coming in between our line of sight, shuts off from us Algol's light.

But this simple solution alone will not serve for Beta, although it has been discovered that a great body does revolve round it, and is unquestionably the cause of the variation in its light. It has been calculated by some astronomers that this second body is very close to the great central sun of Beta, only 15 million miles away.

Strange Result of a Tide

Now, such proximity would raise an enormous tide in the incandescent matter, giving each body the shape of a pear, and thus, as these bodies rapidly swing round once in 13 days, we should see two extra bright periods, when the pears were presented to us sideways instead of endways.

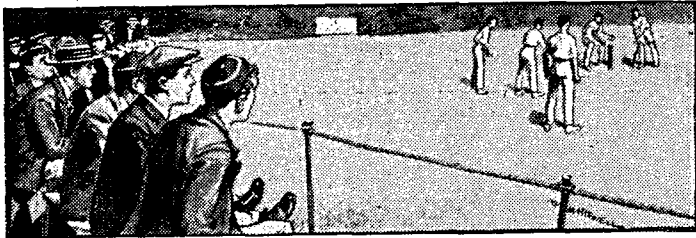
The late Professor Pickering supposed that the smaller star was actually joined to the larger one, and was swung round once every 13 days as an enormous projection, when the effect would be very similar to that described.

There is, however, much that is very mysterious in this unique star, in which the evidence of incandescent hydrogen and helium plays an amazing part when its light is analysed. G. F. M.

THE MYSTERY MAN

A Thrilling Tale of Play and Adventure at Claycroft School

: : Told by
T. C. Bridges



CHAPTER 29 The Button

CAPTAIN GUNN had gone to Terringham to see his lawyer. The business which he had with him took less time than he had expected, and as it was early-closing day there was no temptation to stay and shop.

Looking at his watch, the captain found that it was twenty minutes to five, and promptly decided that he would get home for tea.

His smart little two-seater made light of the five-mile run, and it was still a minute or two before the hour when he backed her into her garage and went round to the front door.

It was locked.

"Oh-ho!" smiled the captain. "So Mrs. Hussey is out visiting! Well, I can't blame her. I told her I wouldn't be in before six."

He went round to the workshop. This had an outer door, into which he fitted a key taken from his pocket. He walked in lightly, then pulled up as suddenly as Tom had done some time earlier. A sharp exclamation escaped his lips, and he strode forward towards the opposite door and bent over a figure which lay stiff, helpless, and insensible on the floor.

"Tom!" he said hoarsely. "Tom! Impossible!"

For an instant he stared as if he could not believe his own eyes, but only for an instant. Then down he stooped, and, swinging up Tom's insensible body in his strong arms, carried him through into the study and laid him on the couch.

Hurrying out, he fetched cold water, a sponge, and restoratives. He knew exactly what to do, and did it with quick and steady hands. His face as he stooped over Tom was strangely set and stern.

Presently Tom sighed, opened his eyes, and looked up vaguely at the captain. He smiled faintly; then tried to sit up.

"Where are they?" he asked hoarsely. "Have you got them?"

"No. Lie still, Tom. Who were they?"

"I don't know, sir; I never saw them. Someone chuckled a rug over me from behind."

"How long ago?"

"I don't know. I came up after my knife. It was about a quarter to five."

"And it's just the hour now. Whoever they were they've got away. From the look of the place they seem to have been burglars."

"That's what I thought," said Tom. "When I came into the room I saw all the drawers open and everything in confusion. I went to the workroom door to see if there was anyone in there, and just as I had opened the door someone came up behind and threw the rug over me. There were two of them, for one knelt on me and the other choked me."

"Two? Lie where you are. I'll have a look round and see what's missing."

He went to the desk and began running through the papers, and then, when he had finished these, the drawers. For five minutes or so he was very busy. At last he turned a puzzled face to Tom.

"I can't see that anything's

missing. You must have disturbed them before they found anything worth having."

"Are you sure there's nothing gone? They'd have had plenty of time after they choked me. I didn't know a thing until I felt the cold sponge on my face."

"There's no money gone, anyhow," said Captain Gunn. "All that was here was in this small tin box in the top drawer. That's not been opened."

"It's a queer business, sir," said Tom, looking puzzled. "They wouldn't have broken in if they hadn't been after something special."

"You wouldn't think so," the captain agreed. "And, come to think of it, this is a funny time of day for burglars to be about. Whoever they were, they must have known that I was out, and must have watched Mrs. Hussey leave the house."

"I met her on the path," Tom told him. "So they couldn't have been here long when I came in."

As he spoke Tom sat up, then rose to his feet. But he was still so giddy that he staggered.

"Lie down again," ordered Captain Gunn. "You'll stay here this evening. Yes, I mean it. I will go over and explain to Dr. Colston. I'll tell him just what's happened."

Tom was not sorry to keep quiet; his head was still very queer. The captain clapped on his hat and went off, and Tom lay on the sofa. Weary and shaken as he was, he was too excited to rest quietly. He kept looking about the room, wondering if the burglars had left any traces of their presence.

Suddenly his wandering glance fell upon a small object lying on the carpet close to the door. He stared at it for a moment, then got up, walked slowly towards it, and picked it up.

It was a button—not an ordinary button, by any means, for it was large and covered with leather.

Tom got back to his sofa and lay down again. He held the button up to the light and frowned as he stared at it.

"It's off a tweed coat—a Norfolk jacket," he said. "What's more, I believe I've seen some just like it somewhere."

His eyes widened. "It could never have been a burglar. No burglar could have worn clothes with buttons like that. Wait, now!"

He sat up again with a sharp gasp.

"I know," he said, out loud. "That's off Harney's coat!"

CHAPTER 30

Tom Tackles Harney

THE shock of the discovery was so great that it left Tom breathless. He sat staring at the button without moving, until suddenly he heard the outer door of the workroom open. The captain was coming back.

Tom slipped the button hastily into his pocket. He could not tell the captain—not now, at any rate. A hot flush rose to his cheek at the thought that any Claycroft boy could have done such a thing. Though he had only been a member of the school a few weeks, Tom held its honour very high.

"It's all right," said Captain Gunn cheerily. "I told the Doctor, and he was very decent about it. Said you could stop the rest of the evening with me. You'd like to, eh?"

"There's nothing I should like better, sir," replied Tom truthfully. The captain's eyes twinkled.

"Mrs. Hussey's just back. Nice state she'll be in when she hears what's happened! I'll tell her I'll let her off on condition she cooks an extra good supper for us. What shall we have, Tom? How would mutton cutlets, new potatoes, green peas, and jam tart suit you?"

"Sounds topping, sir," said Tom smiling.

The captain was in great spirits. He seemed to have forgotten all about the attempted burglary, and laughed and joked like a big boy. Tom shook off his depression, and gave himself up to enjoying his host's company and the good things Mrs. Hussey provided.

By nine o'clock, when it was time for him to go back to his dormitory, he had quite got over the effects of the cowardly attack, and was feeling comparatively cheerful.

The captain came with him to the garden gate.

"Good-night, Tom," he said. "I hope you've not been too dull."

"Dull!" repeated Tom. "Why, I never had a better evening!"

He said it with such evident sincerity that the captain's mahogany face broke into a smile.

"Come again," he said heartily. "If you can put up with an old man's company; come in whenever you like. I mean it."

Tom looked at him.

"I will, sir," he said quietly. The captain's great hand closed hard on his, and Tom went away strangely cheered and comforted. He had the feeling that he had found a friend, a very real friend.

For once he did not confide in Nettles or Paddy. He did not tell them a word of what had happened. Quite why he hardly knew, but he had a sort of feeling that it was best not to mention his discovery even to them. This was his own job, and he meant to tackle it single-handed.

All next morning, in the intervals of school work, he was thinking over the business, and wondering how best to set about it. He came to the conclusion that it was best to get Harney by himself. It was no good, he felt, tackling Mansford. One thing he noticed was that Harney was not wearing the same suit as on the previous day.

At twelve, when morning school ended, Tom slipped up to the dormitory. There was no one about. Harney's clothes hung in the cupboard by his bed. A quick glance

at them turned Tom's suspicions into a certainty, for there was a Norfolk jacket with buttons of the same sort as the one he had in his pocket, and the second from the top was missing.

Tom went straight downstairs and out into the quadrangle. Most of the boys were in the playing-field, the fives courts, or gymnasium. The quad was nearly empty. Tom was resolved to get hold of Harney, but the question was how to find him alone and unaccompanied by Mansford.

Fortune favoured him. At that very minute he saw a boy going quickly out of the gate, and, by the rather loud pattern check he was wearing, knew him at once for Harney.

Tom quickened his pace and saw the boy heading for the village. No doubt he was going down to the tuckshop. Hurrying after him, he caught him just at the fork of the road, where one branch led to the village and the other to the railway station.

He came up alongside. "Harney," he said, "I want to speak to you."

Harney turned sharply, and Tom saw an expression half fright, half anger, cross his pasty face. But the boy recovered himself quickly.

"I don't want to speak to you," he retorted rudely, and started off again at a quick pace.

Tom was alongside again in six strides, and his fingers closed like a vice on Harney's arm.

"On this occasion I'm afraid you'll have to," he said grimly. "No, don't try to get away. This is serious."

"I don't know what you mean," snapped Harney, but Tom saw that his lips were twitching.

Tom drew him down the road towards the railway. There was no one in sight in that direction.

"You very soon will know," he said. "What were you doing at five o'clock yesterday afternoon?"

Tom felt the muscles twitch in Harney's arm. But the fellow still tried to bluff.

"What's that to you?" he retorted. "You're not my keeper."

"Thank goodness I'm not. But it seems to me quite likely that you will have a keeper of quite another sort very shortly."

This time Harney started like a frightened horse.

"What do you mean?" he cried.

"That burglars go to prison," replied Tom sternly.

"You're crazy. What are you talking about?"

"About you and Mansford burgling Captain Gunn's house yesterday afternoon. That's what I am talking about."

"You must be mad. I was never near the old fool's house."

"You are lying," said Tom with sudden sharpness. "I have absolute proof that you, at any rate, were there. Look at this!" As he spoke he took the button out of his pocket, and held it up in front of Harney.

The result was startling. With a sudden cry of terror Harney broke away, and started running like a lunatic down the road which here ran parallel with the railway, and at some height above it.

Tom was so startled that Harney had got a start of fifty yards before he recovered himself and went in chase.

"Stop!" he shouted. "Stop, you idiot!"

Harney only ran the faster. Sudden blind panic had seized him. For the moment the boy was crazy.

Tom gained fast. Hearing the steps closing on him, Harney darted to the left, ducked, plunged head foremost through the wire fence, and started down the embankment. It was steeper than the roof of a house. Next instant the young idiot had lost his footing and was rolling down the bank like a sack of coals.

It was at that moment that the thin, distant whistle of a train came to Tom's ears.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

The Great Engineer

IN the early part of the 18th century the young son of a lawyer at Leeds surprised his friends and relatives by showing great interest in all matters mechanical.

He would stand for hours watching machinery in motion, and soon began to make little working models himself. One day, while quite an infant, he was caught on top of a barn to which he had climbed, trying to fix there a windmill that he had designed and made. The only toys in which he was interested were tools, and as a boy he made an excellent lathe and turned upon it various articles in brass.

His father had destined him for his own profession, and sent the lad to London to attend the Courts of Justice, but he begged that he might be allowed to take up some mechanical work, and finally entered the business of a mathematical instrument-maker.

His spare time was spent in thinking out new devices, among them a machine for measuring the speed of a moving ship, and systems of increasing the usefulness of wind and water as mechanical powers.

He soon gave up the mathematical instrument business, and, having invented an ingenious device which increased the motive power of wind and water by at least one-third, he received as a recognition a gold medal from the Royal Society, of which he was already a Fellow.

About this time the President of the Royal Society was asked to recommend someone who could design and build a lighthouse on a very dangerous rock off the English coast. Two lighthouses had already been erected, but one had been washed away and the other burnt down.

The President, without hesitation, recommended the man who had won the gold medal, and, setting to work, this clever engineer built in two years a fine stone lighthouse which stood firm against all the storms and waves, and became the model for all future lighthouses in similar exposed positions.

He then turned his attention to harbours, canals, and bridges, and when London Bridge became so unsafe that people would not venture to cross it, he made it once more stable and restored public confidence.

He lived to the age of 68, and won such a reputation for sagacity that he was spoken of as the "standing counsel" of his profession. His character all through, both public and private, was most attractive.

When he retired he built himself a small observatory, and spent his closing days in studying the stars and planets. He died in 1792. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



Last Week's Name—Sir Henry Havelock

Good news for Mothers!

No. 1. of
**CHILDREN'S
DRESS**

Out on Tues. Sept. 7.

A new and practical monthly magazine containing more than 100 pretty designs for children of all ages. Beautifully Coloured Cover.

Tell Mother to ORDER a copy TODAY

**CHILDREN'S
DRESS** ... 4d

The Paper that Saves
Mother's Money



The Blackbird Trills in the Orchard Tree



DR MERRYMAN

A STOUT old gentleman was shocked to see a boy comfortably seated in a crowded bus when two ladies were standing.

"Get up and let one of these ladies sit down," he said.

"You get up and let them both sit down," replied the boy.

Food in the Desert

THE pilgrim o'er the desert wild
Should ne'er let want confound him,

For he at any time can eat
The sand which is around him.

It might seem odd that he could find
Such palatable fare,

Did you not know the sons of Ham,
Were bred and mustered there.

THERE was a young man so
benighted

He never knew when he was slighted.
He went to a party,

And ate just as hearty
As if he'd been really invited.

The Archbishop's Riddle

Archbishop Whateley made up this riddle, and, it is said, offered £50 for its solution. No one, however, could give the correct answer, which the archbishop himself supplied later:

WHEN from the Ark's capacious
round

Mankind came forth in pairs,
Who was it that first heard the

sound
Of steps upon the stairs?

Solution next week

The Traveller's A B C

The Picture Poet of the Underground Railway has been making merry with an illustrated alphabet, which we propose to give in this column for the good of all who travel in these hard times.



A's the Assistance you give the
Conductor

When you pass down the car, and
are not an obstructor.



B is the Booking Clerk; kindly
arrange

To give exact fares to avoid count-
ing change.



C's the Conductor; if you should
be late

Don't hold him to blame for closing
the gate.

Do You Live in Preston?

Preston was originally spelt Pres-
teton, a word which means priest's
town. It was so named proba-
bly because of a local monastery.
Prestegyn, in Radnorshire, is the
same word.

An Old Saying Misapplied

ONE who when asked could not
comply

Exclaimed, "I've other fish to fry."
A Frenchman, who o'erheard the

saying,
Soon misapplied it, this odd way in:

"I would do dat vich you do vish,
But I must go and fry some fish."

A Picture Lesson in Geography



Do you know what English village this
picture represents? *Solution next week*

The Irishman and Uncle Sam

AS Pat, an old joker, and a Yankee,
more sly,

Once riding together a gallows
passed by,

Said the Yankee to Pat, "If I don't
make too free,

Give the gallows its due, and pray
where would you be?"

"Why, honey!" says Pat, "faith,
that's easily known,

I'd be riding to town by myself all
alone."

A Curious Find

WHEN walking through a field of
wheat

I picked up something good to eat.
'Twas neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor

bone;
I kept it till it ran alone.

Answer next week

THEY were having a lesson on
fractions, and the teacher asked

a small boy which he would prefer—
a whole apple or two halves.

"Two halves," replied the boy,
without hesitation.

"Why would you prefer two
halves?" asked the teacher.

"Because then I could see if it
were bad inside."

A Magic Number

The number 142857 is very curious,
for if the digits are in succession
transposed from the first place to the
end, the new number is in every case
a multiple of 142857.

$$142857 = 142857 \times 1$$

$$428571 = 142857 \times 3$$

$$285714 = 142857 \times 2$$

$$857142 = 142857 \times 6$$

$$571428 = 142857 \times 4$$

$$714285 = 142857 \times 5$$

Puzzle Rhyme

BEHOLD a word of letters three,
So little, nothing less can be;

Add but one letter to my store,
Start not, I'm poorer than before.

Answer next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Am I? A shadow

Missing Words
Parsed, Praed's, rasped, drapes,
spared, spread.

What is Wrong?
There was no band on the hat; and
the rope was missing from the steps.

A Large Family

There were seven children.

Who Was He?

The Clever Soldier in C.N. No. 73
was William Cobbett, and not William
Corbett, as stated in C.N. No. 74.

Jacko Asks for Trouble

MRS. JACKO's lodger was very fond of painting. His pictures were not much to look at, but he seemed to get a good deal of pleasure out of painting them, and Mrs. Jacko said that as it was only a hobby with him that was all that mattered.

In his holidays he would go off for hours with his little easel and his campstool, and only come home in time to have his supper and go to bed. Mrs. Jacko used to encourage him to take these trips. She said she got rid of him for the day, and, what was more, it was cheaper to provide a bundle of sandwiches occasionally and a hunk of cheese than a hot joint.

But one day the lodger was in such a hurry to begin a fresh masterpiece that he went off without his lunch. Mrs. Jacko was in a rare way about it when she went upstairs to make his bed and found the package on his table.

"You'll have to take it to him, Jacko," she said.

But Master Jacko had an appointment with the boys in the cricket field, and he wished the lodger at Halifax.

"How on earth am I to find him?" he grumbled.

"You'll find him easily enough," said his mother. "He'll be sitting in the mud by the bridge, staring at the old cottages—that's where they all go, those painter fellows."

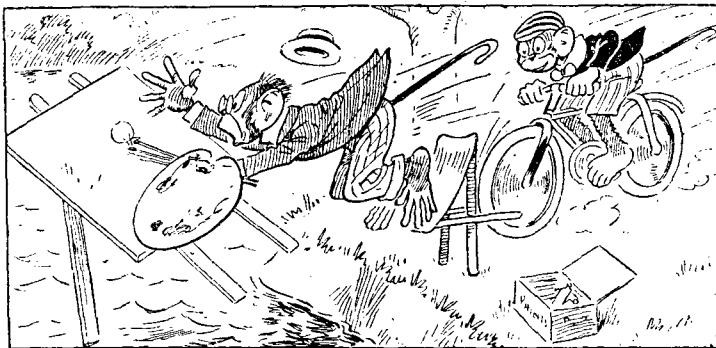
So there Jacko went. But he didn't find the lodger. He only found the boys who were off to cricket.

"Coming, Jacko?" they cried.

"Presently," said Jacko. "I've got to find Michael Angelo first, and take him his dinner."

"Oh, him!" said the boys contemptuously. "Throw it in the river and come on."

But Jacko dare not do that. He was afraid of a thrashing



But the brakes didn't work

from his father—it was through him that they had lost the last lodger.

"You'll find him by the river," said one of the boys; "I saw him off there not long ago."

But the river was a long way away, too far to walk, so he ran home for his bicycle, and ten minutes later he was spinning along the river bank like a little fury.

"There he is!" he exclaimed, as he spied the familiar figure, a brush in one hand and a palette in the other, camped on the very edge of the water.

"Hi! I've brought your dinner!" shouted Jacko, making a bee-line for him.

As he got nearer he jammed on his brakes. But they wouldn't work, and the next moment the artist and his picture were taking an unexpected dive into the middle of the stream.

Ici on Parle Français



Le traversin La coquille Le pont

On met le traversin sur le matelas

On trouve les coquilles sur la plage

Il passe beaucoup d'eau sous le pont



La torche Le mouton La roue

La torche sert à nous éclairer

C'est le mouton qui donne la laine

On ne voit qu'une seule roue

Notes and Queries

What is a Linchpin? A linchpin is a pin through the end of an axle to keep the wheel from slipping off.

What are Noctes Ambrosianae? The Noctes Ambrosianae were a series of articles that appeared in Blackwood's Magazine between 1822 and 1835. They consisted of imaginary conversations in an inn kept by one Ambrose. They are now published in book form.

What is Davy Jones's Locker? Davy Jones is the name given by sailors to the evil spirit of the sea; so to go to Davy Jones's locker means to be drowned.

A B C Stories

The Acrobat

A STANDS for acrobat, the man who did such wonderful things at the circus that Billy went to see.

He sat in the front row and watched, with his eyes wide open, the way that acrobat stood on his head, threw himself backwards and picked up a handkerchief with his teeth, and lots of other things.

Billy stood up at the end of the performance and clapped his hands, and cried "Bravo!" so loudly that the man turned round and smiled, and gave Billy a bow all to himself.

It seemed very dull at home next day. Billy wasn't a bit interested in his toys, for he was thinking of the acrobat.

"He was a splendid man, wasn't he, Mummy?" he said.

Mummy smiled.

"Still thinking about the circus, Billy?" she said. "Go into the garden, there's a good boy—you'll find an apple on the sideboard," she called after him.

"Apples taste nicest when you pull them off the tree," he said, as he wandered into the orchard. He looked up as he spoke, and there, dangling over his head, was a big, rosy-cheeked-looking apple.

"I'd like that one," he said.

"I wish I could reach it."

But he couldn't—not even when he stood on a chair.

Then he did what he had been told he was never to do—he climbed up the tree.

It was easy getting up, but it wasn't so easy getting down again. Three times he tried, but still he sat there, afraid to leave his safe perch.

Now, that tree was close to the roadway, and suddenly Billy caught sight of someone



Billy clutched at the waving legs

grinning at him in a friendly way through the fence.

Billy stared. It was the acrobat! He was nodding. With a bound he leapt over the fence, turned a somersault across the grass, and then, there, he was under the tree, standing on his hands, shouting to Billy to catch hold!

Billy laughed with glee, sprang forward, clutched wildly at the waving legs, and the next moment he was caught up and laid gently on the grass.

The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

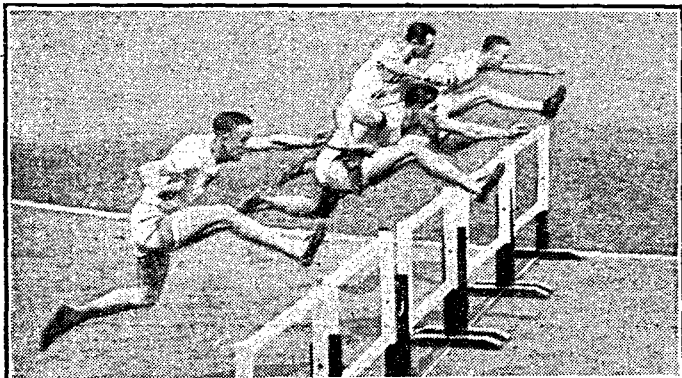
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

September 4, 1920

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ENGLAND AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES · CRICKET AT SEA · TEACHERS GO TO SCHOOL



Over the Hurdles at the Olympic Games—The second heat in the 110 metres hurdle race in the great Olympic Games, which have this year been held at Antwerp



England's New Captain—Mr. J. W. H. T. Douglas, who will captain the English cricket team in Australia



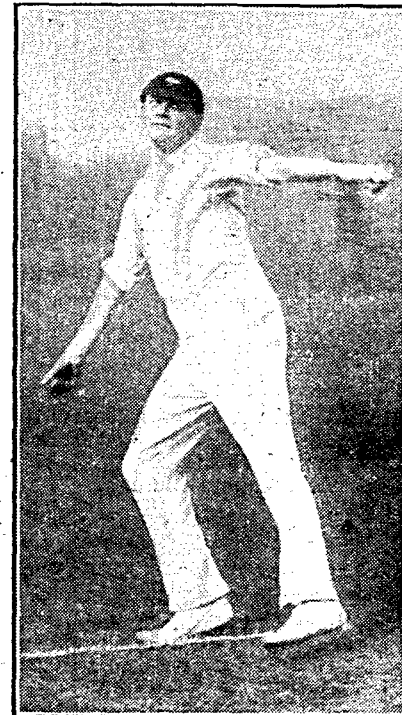
Cricket in the North Sea—A cricket match has just been played by clubs from Walton-on-the-Naze on Gunfleet Sands, which lie many miles out in the North Sea



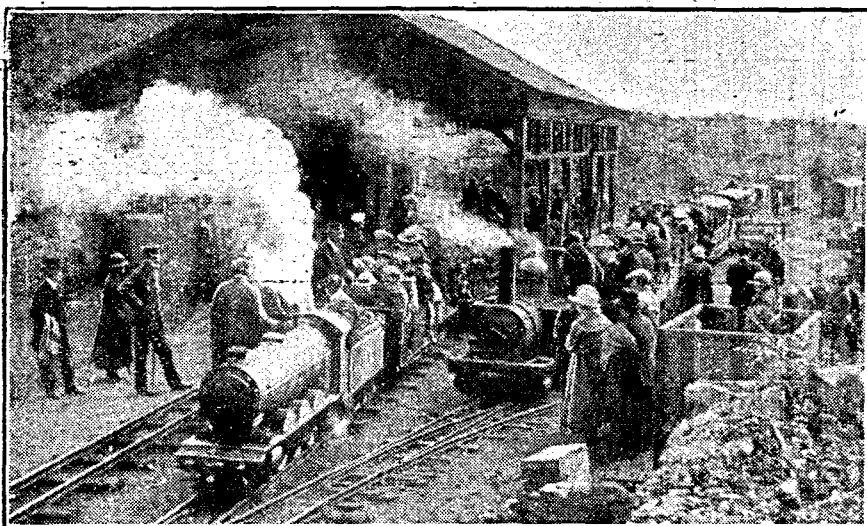
England's Winner at the Olympic Games—Albert Hill winning the 800 metres race for England at Antwerp



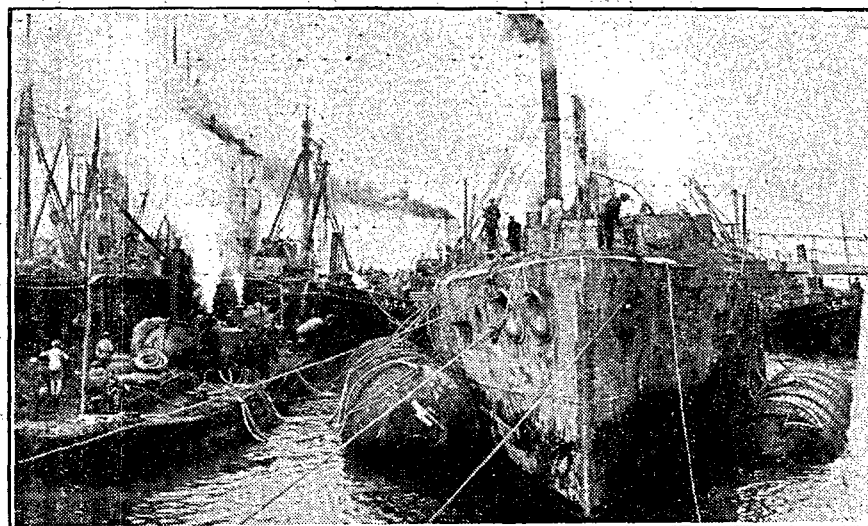
Teachers at Drill—Five hundred teachers from all parts of the country have been having a summer school at Scarborough. Here they are seen learning Swedish drill in order that later they may teach it to the pupils in their schools



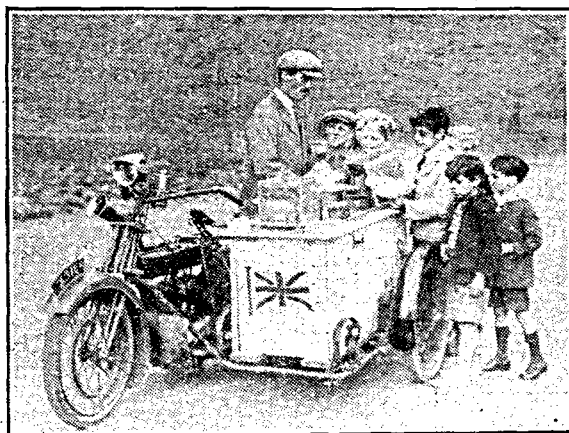
Going to Australia—Mr. E. R. Wilson of Yorkshire, who has joined the English cricket team going to Australia



England's Lilliput Railway—The tiny, 15-inch gauge Eskdale railway, which runs to the foot of Scafell in the Lake District, is as crowded with holiday-makers just now as any of the big grown-up railways



Famous Sunken Vessel Raised Again—The warship Vindictive, which was filled with concrete and sunk at the entrance to Ostend Harbour, has just been raised again. Here she is seen with the huge buoyant cylinders which enabled her to float



The Ice Cream Man Up-to-Date—An enterprising Kentish man has fitted an ice cream stall to his motor cycle and tours round a very wide district with it



Happy Times Again—The Whitby Regatta has been revived this year for the first time since 1914, and here we see some of the happy competitors in the tub race



London Dog Turns the Skipping-rope—This dog, which lives in Blackfriars, London, loves to play with the children. It turns the skipping-rope and plays touch